

LBUMAZAR. 643. i 7.

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A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS NOW REVIVED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

ALTERATIONS.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, near SURRY STREET,  
STRAND. 1773.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

LIBRARY

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# R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

At the Revival in 1773.

ONCE your old taste for laughing is come back;  
And you have dropp'd the melancholy pack  
Tragi-comic-sentimental matter,  
 resolving to laugh more, and be the fatter,  
 bring a piece drawn from our antient store,  
 which made old English sides with laughing sore;  
 the smiles from Tony Lumpkin, if you spare,  
 Trincalo of Totnam have his share.  
 If thieves there are, JUSTICE herself will own,  
 the scene to hurt your morals will be shown.  
 If sister muse a separate shop should keep,  
 Comedy to laugh, Tragedy to weep,  
 sentimental laudanum to make you sleep.  
 Tell you what, good folks, if you don't jest,  
 clasp the gigling goddess to your breast;  
 but the comic muse enjoy your favor,  
 I'll furnish stuff to make you laugh for ever!  
 Laugh, pray laugh—'tis your best cure when ill,  
 grand specifick, universal pill!  
 't would I give to set the tide a-going,  
 spring-tide in your heart with joy o'erflowing!  
 superficial skin-deep mirth—all from within—  
 'till your jaws ach—'till you crack your skin;  
 English laugh—the Frenchmen only grin.  
 'till they sneer, Dutch grunt, and German features  
 'till thus—you only laugh like human creatures.  
 'till he has not laughter in his soul's a wretch,  
 'till he fits for treason, stratagems, Jack Ketch!  
 'till his meagre hollow eye speaks spleen and vapors,  
 'till he stabs with pen and ink in daily papers.

When

## PROLOGUE.

*But the round cit, in ven'son to the knuckles,  
He is no plotter, but eats, drinks, and chuckles;  
When late to sentimentals you were kind,  
I thought poor I was whistled down the wind,  
To prey at fortune!—farewell said I to fun  
So I secur'd a bed at Inlington.—  
To say the truth—I'm not prepar'd as yet  
To dance the wire, or throw a somerset.—  
In short, if at a pun you would not grumble,  
When I can't make you laugh—I needs must tumble;  
Shew you are fond of mirth—at once restore us,  
And burst with me, in one grand laughing chorus.  
True comedy reigns still—I see it plain  
Huzza!—we now shall live and laugh again.  
JExit huzzaing and laugh*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

ALBUMAZAR,

FURBO,

RONCA,

HARPAX,

PANDOLFO,

CRICCA,

TRINCALO,

LELIO,

EUGENIO,

ANTONIO,

Mr. PALMER,

Mr. BANNISTER,

Mr. HURST,

Mr. KEEN,

Mr. PARSONS,

Mr. BADDELEY,

Mr. KING,

Mr. DAVIES,

Mr. WHEELER,

Mr. PACKER.

## W O M E N.

SULPITIA,

FLAVIA,

ARMELLINA,

BEVILONA,

Mrs. ABINGTON,

Mrs. JEFFERSON,

Miss POPE,

Miss PLATT.

# Distinguished Persons.

M. E. N.

Mr. Palmer,	Albany,
Mr. Darrister,	Purbo,
Mr. Hunt,	Florida,
Mr. Keen,	Harrah,
Mr. Parsons,	Randolph,
Mr. Dabbelly,	Crisca,
Mr. King,	Trincalo,
Mr. Davies,	Lelio,
Mr. Wheeler,	Eugenio,
Mr. Parker,	Antonio,

W. O. M. E. N.

Mr. Arlington,	Julietta,
Mr. Jefferson,	Flavia,
Miss Pope,	Armellina,
Miss Platt,	Bevilona,



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

IN times of old, by this old play we see,  
 Our Ancestors, poor souls, tho' brave and free,  
 Believ'd in spirits and astrology !  
 'Twas by the stars they prosper'd, or miscarried ;  
 Thro' them grew rich, or poor ; were bang'd, or married ;  
 And if their wives were naught, then they were born  
 Under the Ram, or Bull, or Capricorn !  
 When our great-grand-mamas had made a slip,  
 (Their shoes with higher heels would often trip)  
 The rose and lily left their cheeks—'twas duty  
 To curse their Planets, and destroy their beauty :  
 Such ign'rance, with faith in Stars, prevails ;  
 Our faces never change, they tell no tales ;  
 Or should a husband, rather unpolite,  
 Lock up our persons, and our roses blight ;  
 When once set free again, there's nothing in it,  
 We can be ros'd and lily'd in a minute :  
 Fly all abroad, be taken into favour,  
 And be as fresh and frolicksome as ever !  
 To heav'nly bodies we have no relation,  
 The Star that rules us is our inclination !  
 Govern'd by that, our earthly bodies move,  
 Quite unconnected with the things above :

Two young ones love—a chaise to Scotland carries 'em,  
 The Stars lend light, but inclination marries 'em .  
 When passion cools, and flame is turn'd to smother,  
 They curse no Stars—but Scotland, and each other !  
 To walk i' th' dark no belles now make a fuss,  
 No specters or hobgoblins frighten us !  
 No, says Old Crab, of Fops the last editions,  
 Pray, Madam, what are they but apparitions !

# EPILOGUE.

*So slim, so pale, so dress'd from foot to head,  
 Half girl, half boy, half living, and half dead,  
 They are not flesh and blood, but walking gingerbread !  
 More flimsy beings kept alive by art,  
 " They come like shadows, and they'll so depart."  
 O fye, for shame ! said I—he turn'd about,  
 And turn'd us topsy turvey, inside out ;  
 Rail'd at our sex, then curs'd the Stars, and swore—  
 But you're alarm'd I see, I'll say no more ;  
 Old doting fools from Stars derive all evil,  
 Nor search their hearts to find the little devil ;  
 Ladies take council, crush the mischief there ;  
 Lay but that Spirit, you'll be wise—as fair,*

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# ALBUMAZAR.

## COMEDY.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*A court-yard, with various instruments.*

ALBUMAZAR, HARPAZ, RONCA, *discovered.*

ALBUMAZAR.

COME, brave mercurials, sublim'd in cheating,  
My dear companions, fellow soldiers  
I'th watchful exercise of thievery:  
Shame not at your so large profession,  
No more than I at deep astrology.  
For in the days of old, *good morrow thief,*  
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *your worship.*  
The Spartans held it lawful, and the Arabians;  
So grew Arabia felix, Sparta valiant.

RONCA. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.

ALB. Your patron, Mercury, in his mysterious character,

Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,  
And with his subtil influence works in all,  
Filling their stories full of robberies.  
Most trades and callings much participate  
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with the honest title

B

OF

## ALBUMAZAR.

Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned  
Only excepted; and he's therefore poor.

HARP. And yet he steals, one author from another;  
This poet is that poet's plagiarist;  
And he a third's, 'till they end all in Homer.

ALB. The world's a theatre of theft! Great rivers  
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.  
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,  
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,  
The miseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver:  
Now all these pilfries couch'd and compos'd in order,  
Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery!

RONCA. Most philosophical Albumazar!

ALB. Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,  
Your cardinal virtue, *great necessity*;  
Wait on her close, with all occasions:  
Be watchful, have as many eyes as heav'n,  
And ears as harvest: be resolv'd and impudent;  
Believe none, trust none: for in this city  
(As in a fought field, crows, and carcasses)  
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheatees.

RONCA. If all the houses in the town were prisons,  
The chambers cages, all the settles stocks,  
The broad-gates gallowses, and the whole people  
Justices, juries, constables, keepers and hangmen,  
I'd practise in spite of all, and leave behind me  
A fruitful seminary of our profession,  
And call them by thy name Albumazarians!

HARP. And I no less, were all the city thieves  
As cunning as thyself.

ALB. Why bravely spoken,  
Fitting such generous spirits: I'll make way  
To your great virtue with a deep resemblance  
Of high astrology. Harpax and Ronca,  
Lift to our profit: I have new-lodg'd a prey  
Hard by, that, taken, is so fat and rich,  
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase

HARP. Who is't? speak quickly?

RON



RONCA. Where, good Albumazar?

ALB. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as foolish.  
The poor remnant of whose brain that age had left him,  
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:  
And which concerns us most, he gives firm credit  
To necromancy and astrology,  
Sending to me, as one that promise both.  
Pandolfo is the man.

HARP. What, old Pandolfo!

ALB. The same [*Furbo sings*] but stay, yon's Furbo,  
whose smoothest brow  
Shines with good news, and's visage promises  
Triumphs and trophies to us! (*Furbo plays.*)

RONCA. My life he 'as learnt out all, I know by's  
music.

*Enter FURBO.*

S O N G.

See, great ALBUMAZAR!  
Stand off, ye vulgar and profane!  
Wonder, gaze, and gape afar,  
To search the skill, you must not deign,  
Of great ALBUMAZAR!

His power can make you rich and great,  
Transform your shape, reverse your state,  
Foretell the future, tell the past;  
Pronounce your fate, for soon or late,  
He'll dupe ye, cheat ye, chouse you all at last.

Away, ye gipsies! pilfer, thieve!  
Poor servant men and maids deceive!  
HE tricks the rich, consults the skies;  
Your fate can weave,  
For by your leave,  
He'll dupe ye, cheat ye, chouse ye all at last.

ALB. O brave Furbo!

FURBO. Albumazar,  
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance;  
Pandolfo's ours; I understand his business,  
Which I filcht closely from him, while he reveal'd  
T' his man his purposes and projects.

ALB. Excellent!

FURBO. Thanks to this instrument: for in pretence  
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th' old man's daughter,  
I got access to th' house, and while I waited  
Till she was ready, over-heard Pandolfo  
Open his secrets to his servants: thus 'tis,  
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,  
Before he went to Barbary, agreed  
To give in marriage——

ALB. Furbo, this is no place  
Fit to consider curious points of business;  
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above:  
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him  
With a loud noise of my deep skill in art;  
Thou know'st my rosy modesty cannot do it:  
Harpax, up you, and from my bed-chamber,  
Where all things for our purposes are ready,  
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.  
You know my meaning.

HARR. Yes, yes.

FURBO. Yes, Sir.

ALB. Away then to our several stations.

*Exeunt Albumazar, &c.*

*Furbo singing.*

*Enter PANDOLPHO, CRICCA.*

RON. There's old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful  
May,  
And grey as January: I'll attend him here.

PAN.

PAN. Cricca, I seek thy aid, not thy cross counsel;  
I am mad in love with Flavia, and must have her:  
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,  
Like arrows against an anvil: I love Flavia;  
And must have Flavia.

CRIC. Sir, you have no reason,  
She's a young girl of sixteen, you of sixty.

PAN. I have no reason, nor spare room for any:  
Love's harbinger hath chalkt upon my heart,  
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia,  
This house is wholly taken up for Flavia.  
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:  
Vex me no more, I must have Flavia.

CRIC. But Sir, her brother Lelio, under whose charge  
She's now, after her father's death, swear boldly  
Pandolfo never shall have Flavia.

PAN. His father, e'er he went to Barbary,  
Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,  
Spight of a list of Lelio's, Pandolfo  
Shall enjoy Flavia.

CRIC. Sir, y'are too old.

PAN. I must confess in years about threescore,  
But in tough strength of body, four and twenty,  
Or two months less. Love of young Flavia,  
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews me:  
My arteries blown full with youthful spirits,  
Move the blood more briskly, and my wither'd  
Nerves grow plump. Hence, thou poor prop  
Of feebleness and age; (*throws away his stick*) walk with  
such fires

As with cold palsies shake away their strength,  
And lose their legs with cureless gout: Pandolfo,  
New-moulded, is for revels, masks, and music! Cricca,  
String my neglected lute, and from my armory  
Scour my best sword, companion of my youth.

CRIC. Your love, Sir, like strong water,

To

To a deplor'd sick man, quicks your feeble limbs  
 For a poor moment, which as soon grow cold ;  
 Shall I speak plainer, Sir ? she'll cuckold you ;  
 Alas ! she'll cuckold you.

PAN. What me ? a man of known discretion,  
 Of riches, years, and this grey gravity ?  
 I'll satisfy'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.

CRIC. Wer't not far fitter to urge your son Eugenio  
 To woo her for himself ?

PAN. Cricca, be gone.  
 Touch no more there ; I will and must have Flavia.  
 Tell Lelio, if he grant me his sister Flavia,  
 I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.  
 Be gone, and find me here within this half hour.

[Exit CRICCA.]

RON. 'Tis well that servant's gone ; I shall the easier  
 Wind up his master to my purposes.

PAN. Sure this is some novice of th' artillery,  
 That winks and shoots : Sir, prime, prime your piece  
 anew,

The powder's wet. [Knocks at the door.]

RON. A good ascendent bless me ! Sir, are you frantick ?

PAN. Why frantick ? are not knocks the lawful courses  
 To open doors and ears ?

RON. Of vulgar men and houses.

PAN. Whose lodging's this ? is't not the astrologer's ?

RON. His lodging ? no : 'tis the learn'd phrontisterion  
 Of most divine Albumazar !

PAN. Good Sir,

If the door break, a better shall redeem it.

RON. How ! all your land sold at a hundred years  
 purchase

Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap !

To thunder at the phontisterion

Of great Albumazar !

PAN.



PAN. Why, man; what harm?

RON. Sir, you must know my master's heav'nly brain  
Pregnant with mysteries of metaphysicks,  
Grows to the embryo of rare contemplation,  
Which at full time brought forth, excels by far  
The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifry,  
That leapt from Jupiter's mighty cranium.

PAN. Pray you speak English:  
Are you your master's countryman?

RON. Yes; why ask you?

PAN. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.

RON. You need not; with a wind-instrument my  
master made,

in five days you may breathe ten languages,  
As perfect as the devil or himself.

PAN. When may I speak with him?

RON. When't may please the stars.

He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,  
Nor stirs a foot without due figuring

The horoscope. Sit down awhile, and't please you;  
see the heavens incline to his approach.

PAN. What's this, I pray you?

RON. Sir, 'tis a perspicil, the best under heaven:  
With this I'll read a leaf of that small Iliad  
That in a walnut-shell was desk'd, as plainly  
Twelve long miles off, as you see Paul's from High-  
gate.

PAN. Wonderful workman of so rare an instrument!

RON. 'Twill draw the moon so near, that you would  
swear

The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes: nay more,  
searcheth like the eye of truth all closets

that have windows: Have at Rome, I see the Pope,  
his cardinals, and his mule, the English college,

and the Jesuits, like a swarm of bees,  
all buzzing just turn'd out.

PAN. A good riddance! let me see the Jesuits.

RON.

RON. So far you cannot: for this glass is fram'd  
For eyes of thirty; you are nigh threescore.

PAN. The price?

RON. I dare not sell't.

But here's another of a stranger virtue.  
The great Albumazar, by wond'rous art,  
Hath fram'd an instrument that magnifies  
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,  
That you may know each whisper from Prester John  
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere deliver'd  
Through a trunk, or Gloster's listning wall.

PAN. And may I see it, Sir? blefs me once more.

RON. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall  
Stand thus. What hear you? [try't]

PAN. Nothing.

RON. Set your hands thus—  
That the vortex of the organ may perpendicularly  
Point out our zenith—what hear you now? ha, ha, ha

PAN. A humming noise of laughter.

RON. Why that's the audience  
In a theatre, that now, Sir, are merry  
With an old gentleman in a comedy—what now?

PAN. No more than a dead oyster.

O let me see this wond'rous instrument.

RON. Sir, this is called an otacousticon.

PAN. A cousticon!

Why 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones.

RON. True; for in such a form the great Albumazar  
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit't receivers  
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.

PAN. What gold will buy it?

RON. I'll sell it you when 'tis finish'd;  
As yet the epiglottis is imperfect.

PAN. Soon as you can, and here's ten crowns in earnest  
For when 'tis done, and I have purchas'd it,  
I mean to entail it on my heirs male for ever.

Ro

RON. Nay, rather give it to Flavia for her jointure:  
For she that marries you, deserves it richly.

*Enter Cricca.*

CRIC. Sir, I have spoke with Lelio, and he answers—

PAN. Hang Lelio, and his answers—Come hither,  
Cricca.

Wonder for me, admire, and be astonish'd!

Marvel thyself to marble at these engines,

These strange Gorgonian instruments!

CRIC. At what?

PAN. At this rare perspicil and otacousticon:

For with these two I'll hear and see all secrets,

Undo intelligencers.—Pray let my man see

What's done in Rome; his eyes are just as your's are.

RON. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret;

See you the steep danger you are tumbling in?

Know you not that these instruments have power

To unlock the hidden't closets of whole states?

And you reveal such mysteries to a servant?

Sir, be advis'd, or else you learn no more

Of our unknown philosophy.

PAN. Enough.

What news from Lilio? shall I have his sister?

CRIC. He swears and vows he never will consent.

She shall not play with worn antiquities,

Nor lie with snow and statues; and such replies

That I omit for reverence of your worship.

PAN. Not have his sister? Cricca, I will have Flavia,

Maugre his head: by means of this astrologer

I'll enjoy Flavia.

RON. One minute brings him.

CRIC. What 'strologer?

PAN. The learned man I told thee,

The high almanack of Germany, an Indian

Far beyond Trebesond, and Tripoli,

C

Close



Close by the world's end: a rare conjuror,  
And great astrologer!—His name, pray Sir?

RON. Albumazarro Meteoroscopico.

PAN. As he excels in science, so in title.  
He tells of lost plate, horses, and stray'd cattle,  
Directly, as he had stolen them all himself.

CRIC. Or he, or some of his confederates.

PAN. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue:  
Albumazar has an otacousticon!  
Be silent, reverent, and admire his skill!  
See what a promising countenance appears!  
Stand still and wonder; wonder and stand still!

*Enter ALBUMAZAR.*

ALB. Ronca, the bunch of planets new found out  
Hanging at the end of my best perspicil,  
Send them to Galilæo at Padua:  
Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars  
Lately discovered 'twixt the horns of Aries,  
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,  
And hence stil'd Sidera Pandolfæa:

PAN. My marriage, Cricca! he foresees my marriage.  
O most celestial Albumazar!

CRIC. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

RON. The perpetual motion  
With a true 'larum in't to run twelve hours  
'Fore Mahomet's return?

ALB. Deliver it safe  
To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it  
From me to the house of Ottoman.

RON. I go, Sir. [Exit Ron.]

ALB. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,  
Exotical dispatches of great consequence  
Staid me; and casting the nativity  
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference,  
With a mercurial intelligence.

Y' are



Y' are welcome in a good hour, better minute,  
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruple.  
Let the twelve houses of the horoscope  
Be lodg'd with fortitudes and fortunates,  
To make you blest in your designs, Pandolfo.

PAN. Were't not much trouble to your starry em-  
ployments,

I a poor mortal would intreat your furtherance  
In a terrestrial business.

ALB. My ephemeris lies,  
Or I foresee your errand : Thus, 'tis thus.—  
You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,  
A widower like yourself, whose only daughter,  
Flavia, you love, and he as much admir'd  
Your child Sulpitia.—Is not this right ?

PAN. Yes, Sir : O strange ! Cricca, admire in silence !

ALB. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,  
And purpos'd to truck daughters.—Is't not so ?

PAN. Just as you say't. Cricca, admire, and wonder !

CRIC. This is no such secret : look to yourself,  
he'll cheat you.

ALB. Antonio, after this match concluded,  
Having great sums of gold in Barbary,  
Desires of you, before he consummate  
The rites of matrimony, he might go thither  
For three months ; but now 'tis three and three  
Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd ;  
Now, Sir, your business is to me, to know  
Whether Antonio be dead or living—  
I'll tell you instantly.

PAN. Hast thou reveal'd it ?  
I told it none but thee.

CRIC. Not I.

PAN. Why stare you ?  
Are you not well ?

ALB. I wander 'twixt the poles

And

And heavenly hinges, 'monst excentricals,  
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles !  
To hunt out an aspect fit for your business.

CRIC. Mean ostentation ! for shame awake yourself,  
And give no credit to this cheater.

ALB. This meddling busy fool must be got rid of.  
[aside.

And since the lamp of Heaven is newly entred  
Into Cancer, old Antonio is dead,  
Drown'd in the sea ; for radius directorius  
In the sixth house, and th'waning moon by Capricorn—  
He's dead, he's dead.

CRIC. 'Tis an ill time to marry,  
The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn !

PAN. Peace fool, these words are full of mystery.

ALB. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,  
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,  
Is this that follows you ?

PAN. He is my servant,  
A plain and honest speaker, but no harm in him.

CRIC. What see you in my face ? 'tis good as yours.

ALB. Horrör and darkness ! death and gallowses !  
He is profanè,—my spirits will not come,  
Or hear my call—my art is dumb and useless,  
While ignorance and disbelief are suffer'd  
To scoff my operations.—Let him go,  
Depart—or let me loose a spirit at him,  
To fix him motionless on yonder beam,  
Till the work's done.

CRIC I beg to be in motion,  
And depart.—I am no friend to beams,  
And beg to wait without your farther pleasure.

PAN. Your folly is its punishment,—begone.

CRIC. Most willingly I go.

[Exit Crick

PAN. Pardon the witless creature;  
Now to our business—on great Albumazar,

ALB

ALB. I shall—but first,  
I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.

PAN. Strange!

ALB. Antonio dead, that promis'd you his daughter,  
Your business is to entreat me to raise his ghost,  
And force it stay at home, 'till it have perform'd  
The promise past, and so return to rest.

PAN. That, that; y'have hit it, most divine Albumazar!

ALB. I'll change some servant, or a good friend of yours  
To the perfect shape of this Antonio,  
So like in face, behaviour, speech and action,  
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives;

PAN. Most Necromantical Astrologer!  
Do this, and take me for your servant ever;  
And for your pains, after the transformation,  
This chain is yours, it cost two hundred pounds  
Besides the jewel.

ALB. Now get the man you purpose to transform,  
And meet me here.

PAN. I will not fail to find you.

ALB. Mean while with scioferical instrument,  
By way of azimuth, and almicantarath,  
I'll seek some happy point in heaven for you.

PAN. I rest your servant, Sir.

ALB. Let all the stars,  
Guide you with most propitious influence!

I must to my phrontesterion. *[Exit Albumazar.]*

PAN. What a wonder! Cricca, where are you Cricca?

*Enter CRICCA.*

CRIC. Not motionless against a beam, thank heaven!

PAN. Peace and be wise; should you rouse his anger  
Again, my pow'r and fortune cannot save you.

He's a great man indeed! of skill profound!  
How right he knew my business 'fore he saw me;  
And how thou scoffest him, when we talk'd in private.

CRIC.



CRIC. In earnest, Sir, I took him for a cheater.

PAN. Learn from this, Cricca, to believe the stars,  
And reverence astrology—Let us now go home,  
And make the necessary preparations;  
I'll talk in private to thee—if thou'rt follow  
My commands, and hearken to divine Albumazar,  
Thy fortune's made!—I'll tell thee as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

*Enter TRINCALO.*

TRIN. **H**E that saith I am not in love, he lies *de ca*  
*a pie*; for I am idle, choicely, neat in my clothes  
valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are  
loaded with metaphors, songs, and sonnets; not a dog  
shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion; thus do I  
my mistress; but, alas! I kiss the dog, and she kick  
me. I never see a young wanton silly, but say  
there goes Armellina! nor a lusty strong ass, but  
remember myself, and sit down to consider, what  
goodly race of mules would inherit, if she were wi  
ling: only I want utterance, and that's a main man  
of love too.

*Enter ARMELLINA.*

ARM. Trincalo, Trincalo.

TRIN. O, 'tis Armellina! Now if she have the w  
to begin, as I mean she should, then will I confound  
her with compliments, drawn from the plays I



at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I speak and understand not.

ARM. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that you are dressed out so and no holiday—not a word?—Why, Trincalo, what business in town? how do all at Totnam?—grown mute?—What do you bring from the country?

TRIN. There 'tis. Now are my flood gates drawn, and I'll surround her.

ARM. What have you brought, I say? no good manners, I'll swear for it.

TRIN. What I want in good manners is made up of my affections.—What have I brought, sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o' th' elder house to your most illustrious honour and worship.

ARM. To me these titles? Is your basket full of nothing else?

TRIN. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent lady; a present to your worthiness from your worship's poor vassal Trincalo.

ARM. My life on't, he scrap'd these compliments from his cart the last load he carried for the court-fools. What have you read, that makes you grow so eloquent?

TRIN. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyship's countenance; and desire only to kiss the skirts of your garments, if you vouchsafe me the happiness of your white hands.

ARM. Come, give's your basket, and take it.

TRIN. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth, nor breathe but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. Armellina, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

ARM. As it deserves. What is't?

TRIN. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love you; and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts;

thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my secrets into your hands; that is, I'll give you an earnest kiss in the highway of matrimony.

ARM. Is this the end of all this business?

TRIN. This is the end of all this business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful lady.

ARM. What, do you want to finish with me before you have made a beginning? do you imagine you can you, that we of the city are to be woo'd and won like country girls, with *I like you Moll*, when shall we wed, ha? *E'en when you please, good Robin*. A little more ceremony with me, if you please, Mr. Trincalo of Totnam; there take your basket, grow a little wiser and you may have better luck another time.

[Exit Arm.]

TRIN. Why now she knows my meaning, let work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'tis a plain sign she abhors the words and embraces the meaning—O lips, no lips, but leave besmear'd with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but drop of honey-combs! O combs, no combs, but fountain full of tears! O tears, no tears, but—here come my landlord.

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. Cricca denies me: no persuasions, Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform. Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo: Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

TRIN. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

PAN. What rent do'st pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

TRIN. Ten pound; and find it too dear a pennyworth.

PAN. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives. To serve me in a business I'll employ thee.

TRIN. Serve you? I'll serve, reserve, conserve, preserve,

Defe

Deserve you for th' one half—O Armellina!  
A jointure, ha, a jointure! What's your employment?

PAN. Here's an astrologer has a wond'rous secret,  
To transform men to other shapes and persons.

TRIN. How transform things to men? I'll bring  
nine taylors,  
Refus'd last muster, shall give five marks a-piece  
To shape three men of service out of all,  
And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.

PAN. Now, if thou'lt let him change thee; take this  
lease,

Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest.

TRIN. Stay, Sir:  
Say I am transform'd: who shall enjoy the lease,  
I, or the person I must turn to?

PAN. Thou,  
Thou. The resemblance lasts but one whole day;  
Then home, true farmer, as thou wert before.

TRIN. Where shall poor Trincalo be? how's this?  
transform'd!

Transmuted! how? not I—I love myself  
better than so: there's no lease—I'd not venture  
for the whole fee-simple.

PAN. Tell me the difference  
Betwixt a fool and a wise man.

TRIN. As 'twixt your worship and myself.

PAN. A wise man  
accepts all fair occasions of advancement,  
While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,  
sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward,  
And wakes all night for want of moisture.

TRIN. Well, Sir,  
I'd rather starve in this my lov'd image,  
Than hazard thus my life for others looks,  
Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.

PAN. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou tak'st it; we'll only  
D Alter



Alter thy count'nance for a day—Imagine  
Thy face mask'd only; or that thou dream'st all night  
Thou wer't apparel'd in Antonio's form,  
And, waking, find thyself true Trincalo.

TRIN. Antonio's form! was not Antonio a gentleman?

PAN. Yes, and a neighbour: that's his house.

TRIN. O ho!

Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick: he'll steep me  
In soldier's blood, or boil me in a cauldron  
Of barbarous law French; or anoint me over  
With supple oil of great mens services;  
For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry:  
Pardon me, Sir; I hate those medicines—Fie!  
All my posterity will smell and taste on't,  
Long as the house of Trincalo endures.

PAN. There's no such business; thou shalt only seem  
And thus deceive Antonio's family.

TRIN. Are you assur'd? 'twould grieve me to  
be pounded.

In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded  
To this Antonio's mould: Grant I be turn'd: what the

PAN. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants  
And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.  
The circumstances I'll instruct thee after.

TRIN. Pray give me leave: this side says do't, the  
other do not.—

Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel  
Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,  
And thou, in his shape, may'st possess her: turn—  
But if I be Antonio, then Antonio  
Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.

A pretty trick to make myself a cuckold!  
No, no; there take your leave, I'll hang first—So  
Be not so chol'rick, Thomas. If I become Antonio  
Then all his riches follow: This fair occasion  
Once vanish'd, hope not the like; of a stark clock  
I shall appear speck-and-span a gentleman!



A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses!  
Then Arinellina shall be given to Trincalo,  
Three hundred crowns her portion: We'll get a boy,  
And call him Transformation Trincalo:  
I'll do't, Sir.

PAN. Art resolv'd?

TRIN. Resolv'd! 'tis done;

With this condition: after I have given your worship  
My daughter Flavia, you shall then move my worship,  
And much intreat me, to bestow my maid  
Upon myself, I should say, Trincalo.

PAN. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her portion  
Two hundred crowns.

TRIN. Come, come, Sir, quickly,  
Let's to th' astrologer and there transform,  
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure:  
I loath this country-countenance—Dispatch: my skin  
Itches, like snakes in April to be cut off:  
Quickly, O quickly! as you love Flavia, quickly.

[Exit.

SCENE, a CHAMBER.

Enter SULPITIA and FLAVIA.

SUL. I prithee, Flavia, do not droop so.

FLA. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I cannot  
help it.

SUL. Faith you have some bad thoughts that trou-  
ble you, my Flavia, I prithee tell 'em to thy friend.

FLA. 'Tis true I have, and I think, the same that  
troubles you.

SUL. Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and  
bitter hatred of an old dotard.

FLA. 'Tis so, witness your brother Eugenio, and  
the rotten carcase of Pandolfo. Had I a hundred  
hearts, I should want room to entertain his love, and  
the other's hate.

SUL. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the  
dead.

dead. Miserable wenches ! how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of physic ourselves ? I must be frost-bitten with the cold of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother, that left me a woman's will in her last testament : That's all the weapons we poor girls can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friend's, and kindred, and either have Lelio, or die in the field in's quarrel.

FLA. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

SUL. Why should I twine my arms to cables, and sigh my soul to air ? sit up all night like a watch-candle, and distill my brains through my eye-lids ? Your brother loves me, and I love your brother ; and where these two consent, I would fain see a third could hinder us.

FLA. Alas ! our sex is most wretched, nurs'd up from infancy in continual slavery. No sooner able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and hud us so with four awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passion at their pleasure ; we, poor souls, must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the vapours.

SUL. I plainly will profess my love of Lelio, 'tis honest chaste, and stains no modesty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a sous'd sea-fish these three months ; and if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a cast hunter or a fall'n pack-horse. No, no, I'll see him freeze to crystal first : In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse, if I like not. Lelio's a handsome gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well fashion'd ; and him will Sulpitia have,

die a maid : And i'faith, the temper of my blood tells me I never was born to so cold a misfortune. Fie, Flavia! fie wench ! no more tears and sighs, cheer up ; Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him ; I say you shall have him.

FLA. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work against so great a rival : your father in a spleen may disinherit him.

SUI, And give't to whom ? h'as none but him and me : what though he doat awhile upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his son. Go to your chamber ; my genius whispers in my ear, and swears, this night we shall enjoy our loves. Come cheer up my girl, and go with me to my chamber, where Lelio and your mother stay to meet us. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the court before ALBUMAZAR's House.*

*Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, RONCA, TRINCALO.*

ALB. Signior Pandolfo, y' arrive in the happiest hour : If the seven planets were your nearest kindred, And all the constellations your allies : Were the twelve houses, and the inns o' th' Zodiack, Your own fee-simple, they could ne'er have chosen A fitter place to favour your desires. For the great luminaries look from Hilech, And, midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions, And fortunate aspects, a Trine and Sextile, Ready to pour propitious influences.

PAN. Thanks to your power and courtesy, that so plac'd them.

That is the man that's ready for the business !

ALB. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit To square to th' gentry : his looks as apt for changing, As he were covered with camelions skins.

TRIN. Except my hands, and 'twill be troublesome To fit these fingers to Antonio's gloves.

PAN. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be.

ALB.



ALB. First chuse a large low room, whose door's full  
east.

PAN. I have a parlour.  
Of a great square and height as you desire it.

ALB. Southward must look a wide and spacious win-  
dow :

For whosoever Omar, Alchabitius,  
Hali, Albenezra, seem something to dissent ;  
Yet Zoroastres, son of Oromasus,  
Gebir and Budda Babilonicus,  
With all the subtile Cabalists and Chaldees,  
Swear the best influence for our metamorphosis,  
Stoops from the south, or, as some say, south-east.

PAN. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpose.

TRIN. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg  
Tingle, dwindle to th' smallness of a bed-staff.  
Such a speech more, turns my high shoes strait boots.

RON. Ne'er were those authors cited to better purpose,  
For, thro' that window, all Pandolfo's treasures  
Must take their flight, and fall upon my shoulders.

PAN. Go to my house, satisfy your curious choice;  
But, credit me, this parlour's fit ; it neighbours  
To a blind alley, that in busiest term-time,  
Feels not the footing of one passenger.

ALB. Now then declining from Theourgia,  
Artemosaria, Pharmacia, rejecting  
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy,  
With all other vain and superstitious sciences,  
We'll anchor at the art prestigiatory,  
That represents one figure for another,  
With smooth deceit abusing th' eyes of mortals.

TRIN. O my right arm ! 'tis alter'd ; and methinks  
Longs for a sword—The strangeness of these names  
Hath scal'd the marks of many a painful harvest,  
And made my new peel'd finger itch for dice.

PAN. Deeply consider'd, wond'rous Albumazar !  
O let me kiss those lips that flow with science.

ALB.



ALB. Spread all the floor with finest Holland sheets,  
And over them fair damask table cloths;  
Above all these, draw me chaste virgins aprons:  
The room, the work, and workman must be pure.

TRIN. With virgins aprons? the whole compass of  
this city  
Cannot afford a dozen.

ALB. An altar in the midst, loaded with plate  
Of silver basons, ewers, cups, candlesticks;  
'Twere not amiss to mix some bowls of gold,  
So they be massy, the better to resemble  
The lovely brotherhood of Sol, and Luna:  
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.  
For 'tis our rule, in such like businesses,  
Who spares most, spends most. Either this must do't,  
Or th' revolution of five hundred years  
Cannot: so fit are all the heavens to help us.

PAN. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have store;  
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.

ALB. Cannot you borrow from the shops? Four hours  
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.

PAN. That can I easily do; all shall be done, Sir,  
as you commanded.

TRIN. Doctor A. bumazar, I have a vein of drinking,  
And an artery of wenching runs thro' my body.  
Pray when you turn me gentleman preserve those,  
Two if it may be done with reputation.

ALB. Fear not, I'll only call the first good  
Fellowship, and th' other civil recreation.

TRIN. And when you come to the heart, spoil not  
The love of Armellina, and in my brain leave  
As much discretion as may spy falsehood in a tavern  
Reckoning, and let me alone for bounty to wink  
And pay it; and if you change me perfectly I'll  
Bring you a dozen knights for customers.

ALB. I warrant you;  
And when your man's transform'd, the chain you  
promis'd.

PAN.

PAN. My hand; My deeds shall wait upon my promise.

ALB. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the chamber.

PAN. I go, Sir. Trincalo, attend us here, And not a word, on peril of thy life.

TRIN. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot; And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

[Exit Alb. and Pan.]

TRIN. O what business 'tis to be transform'd! My master talks of four and twenty hours; But if I miss these flags of yeomanry, Gilt in the seat, and shine in the bloom of gentry, 'Tis not their astrology, nor sacrifice, Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'r part with't, Till I be sheriff of the county, and in commission Of peace and quorum. Then will I get me a clerk, A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship, And domineer amongst my fearful neighbours, And feast them bountifully with their own bribes.

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions, Look big, and grave, and speak not one wise word.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously Search all the circumstances: have blank mittimus's Printed in readiness; breathe nought but firrah, Rogue, ha? how? hum? constable, look to your charge. Then vouch a statute, and a Latin sentence, Wide from the matter.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Licence all ale-houses, Match my son's transformation t'a knight's daughter, And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch hearld: and then—

CRIC. What in such serious meditations?

TRIN.

TRIN. Faith no; but building castles in the air,  
While th' weather's fit: O Cricca, such a business!

CRIC. What is't?

TRIN. Nay so't, they're secrets of my master;  
Lock'd in my breast: he has the key at's purse strings.

CRIC. My master's secret? keep it, good farmer,  
keep it,

I would not lend an ear to't, if thou didst hire me.  
Farrwell.

TRIN. O how it boils and swells! if I keep't longer,  
Twill grow t'impostume in my breast, and choak me.  
Cricca! [ters

CRIC. Adieu, good Trincalo; the secrets of our bet-  
Are dangerous, I dare not know't.

TRIN. But hear'st thou,  
Say I should tell, canst keep it as close as I do?

CRIC. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu.

TRIN. Albumazar——

CRIC. Farewell.

TRIN. Albumazar——

CRIC. Pr'ythee.

TRIN. Albumazar,

h' astrologer, hath undertook to change me  
Antonio's shape: this done, must I give Flavia  
to my old master, and his maid to Trincalo.

CRIC. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar?

TRIN. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting  
or transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease!

CRIC. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar,  
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks  
to compass Flavia, spight of her brother Lilio,  
and his own son Eugenio, that loves her dearly.

I lose no time, but find them, and reveal  
the plot and work to cross this accident.

But Trincalo, art thou so rash and vent'rous  
to be transform'd with hazard of thy life?

E

TRIN.

TRIN.

TRIN. What care I for a life, that have a lease  
For three : but I am certain there's no danger in't.  
Cricca, thou understandest not: for Antonio,  
Whom I resemble, suffers all ; not I.

CRIC. Yonder Pandolfo comes, I'll hence and haste  
to Lelio. [Exit Cricca.]

*Enter* PANDOLFO.

PAN. Up quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia;  
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-cloths,  
The fairest Holland Sheets, all the silver plate,  
Two gossip's cups of gold ; my greatest diamonds:  
Make haste.

TRIN. As fast as the stars will let me. [Exit Trin.]

PAN. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:  
Four hours attendance, 'till my man be chang'd,  
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia.  
How slow the day slides on ! when we desire  
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters,  
And when we wish him stay; he imp's his wings  
With feathers plum'd with thought. [Exit Pan.]

S C E N E, a CHAMBER.

*Enter* LELIO, EUGENIO, CRICCA.

LEL. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.  
Is your old father of so poor a judgement,  
To think it in the power of man to turn  
One person to another ?

EUG. Lelio, his desire  
T'enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,  
Which, like a waking dream, makes false appearance  
Lively as truth, itself.

LEL. But who's the man  
That works these miracles ?

EUG. An astrologer.

LEL. How deals astrology with transmutation ?

CRIC. Under the veil and colour of astrology,  
He



He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy,  
Believe it by some art, or false imposture,  
He'll much disturb your love, and your's, Eugenio.

LEL. Eugenio, 'tis high time for t'awake.  
And as you love our Flavia, and I  
Your sister, fair Sulpitia; let's do something  
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea,  
Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly bears  
The waves with arms and legs, to save his life?  
So let us strive with our best power, lest  
After we ascribe the loss to our dull negligence,  
Not fortune.

EUG. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,  
The holy league of friendship should command me,  
Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,  
Who to your nobleness commends her life.

LEL. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me;  
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected  
Your father's offers, and importunities.  
But though I love your sister

Like mine own soul; yet did the laws of friendship  
Master that strong affection, and deny'd him.

EUG. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service  
Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee,  
Thou must instruct us.

CRIC. You must trust in fortune,  
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

LEL. What say'st? what think'st?

CRIC. Here's no great need of thinking,  
Nor speech: the oil of scorpions cures their poison.  
The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,  
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known,  
But th' worst on't is prevented.

EUG. How, good Cricca?

CRIC. Soon as you see this false Antonio  
Come near your doors with speeches made of purpose,  
Full of humility and compassion;

With

With long narrations how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,  
 And other feign'd inventions of his dangers :  
 Bid him be gone ; and if he press to enter,  
 Fear not the reverence of your father's looks,  
 Cudgel him thence.

LEL. But were't not better, Cricca,  
 Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,  
 And so by open course of law correct him ?

CRIC. No. For my master would conceive that counsel  
 Sprung from my brains : and so should I repent it.  
 Advise no more, but home and charge your people,  
 That if Antonio come, they drive him thence  
 With threat'ning words, and blows if need be.

LEL. 'Tis done.  
 I kiss your hands, Eugenio.

EUG. Your servant, Sir. I'll to your sister,  
 And Sulpitia, and prepare 'em for th' event.

### A C T III.

#### SCENE, a CHAMBER.

*Enter PANDOLFO, CRICCA.*

WHILE the astrologer hews out Trincalo,  
 Squaring and framing him t' Antonio,  
 Cricca, I'll make thee partner of a thought  
 That something troubles me.

CRIC. Say, Sir, what is't ?

PAN. I have no heart to give Albumazar  
 The chain I promis'd him.

CRIC. Deliver it me,  
 And I'll present it to him in your name.

PAN. T'has been an inheritance to our house four  
 hundred years,  
 And should I leave it now, I fear good fortune  
 Would fly from us, and follow it.

CRIC.

CRIC. Then give him  
The price in gold.

PAN. It comes to two hundred pounds;  
And how would that well husbanded, grow in time!  
I was a fool to promise, I confess it,  
I was too hot and forward in the business.

CRIC. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftiness,  
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter  
Idly, would part with such a sum so easily.

PAN. My wary thrift aims at no other mark  
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.  
Who gives continually, may want at length  
Wherewith to feed his liberality.

But for the love of my dear Flavia  
I would not spare my life, much less my treasure.  
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,  
Why should I cast away so great a sum?

CRIC. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,  
How you may handsomly preserve your credit,  
And save the chain.

PAN. I would gladly do it,  
But fear he understands us what we say.

CRIC. What can you lose to try't? if it take,  
There's so much sav'd; if otherwise, nothing lost.

PAN. What is't, good Cricca?

CRIC. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news  
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,  
I'll entertain him here, mean while steal you  
Closely into the room, and quickly hide  
Some special piece of plate: Then run out amaz'd,  
Roaring that all the street may know y'are robb'd.  
Next threaten to attach him, and accuse him  
Before a justice, and in th'end agree  
If he restore the plate, you'll give the chain,  
Otherwise not.

PAN. But if we be discovered!  
For by his instruments and familiars  
He can do much.

CRIC.

CRIC. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.  
But here's the main point. If you can dissemble  
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express  
Pity and anger that so learn'd a man  
Should use his friend so basely; if you can call  
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.

PAN. I'll fetch a cry from th' bottom of my heels,  
But I'll roar loud enough; and thou must second me  
With wonder at the sudden accident.

CRIC. But yours is the main part, for as you play't  
You win or lose the chain.

PAN. No more, no more, he comes. [*Exit Pan.*]

*Enter ALBUMAZAR.*

ALB. Where's Pandolfo? three quarters of an hour  
Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.

CRIC. Is he not wholly chang'd? what parts are wanting

ALB. Antonio's bulk hath cloth'd his shape and visage,  
Only his hands and feet, so large and callous,  
Require more time to supple.

CRIC. Pray you, Sir,  
How long shall he retain this metamorphosis?

ALB. The compleat circle of a natural day.

CRIC. A natural day! are any days unnatural?

ALB. I mean the revolution of th' first mover,  
Just twice twelve hours, in which period the rapt motion  
Rowls all the orbs from east to occident.

*Enter PANDOLFO.*

PAN. Help! help! thieves! thieves! neighbours, I  
am robb'd! thieves, thieves!

CRIC. What a noise make you Sir?

PAN. Have I not reason  
That thus am robb'd? thieves! thieves! call constables,  
The watch and serjeants, friends and constables,  
Neighbours, I am undone!

CRIC. This is well begun.  
What ails you, Sir?

PAN.



PAN. Cricca, my chamber's spoil'd  
Of all my hangings, cloaths and silver plate.

CRIC. Why, this is bravely feign'd; continue, Sir.

PAN. Feign'd! 'tis true, villain! thieves! thieves!  
thieves!

All that I had is gone, and more than all.

CRIC. Ha, ha, ha, hold out; lay out a lion's throat,  
A little louder, that all the street may hear.

PAN. I can cry no longer,  
My throat's sore, I am robb'd, all's gone,  
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.  
Make thou an out-cry, I have lost my voice;  
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.

CRIC. Good, good; thieves! thieves! fire!  
What have you lost?

PAN. Wine, jewele, table-cloths,  
A cupboard of rich plate.

CRIC. Fie, you'll spoil all.  
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.

PAN. Villain, I say all's gone; the room's as clean  
As a wip'd looking glafs: oh me, oh me!

CRIC. What, in good earnest?

PAN. Fool, in accursed earnest.

CRIC. You gull me sure.

PAN. They have gull'd me.

The window towards the south stands ope; from  
Whence went all my treasure. Where's the astrologer?

ALB. Here, Sir, and hardly can abstain from laughing  
To see you vex yourself in vain.

PAN. In vain, Albumazar?  
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vanish'd,  
And you shall answer it,

ALB. O! were it possible  
By pow'r of art to check what art hath done,  
Your man should ne'er be chang'd: to wrong me thus  
With foul suspicion of flat felony?

Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,  
Linen

Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,  
And for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.  
He'll keep them carefully. But as you love your  
mistress,

Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him  
Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman;  
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untouch'd,  
To be innobled like his other members.

PAN. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,  
Th' unlook'd-for bareness of the room amaz'd me.

ALB. How! think you me so negligent to commit  
So rich a mass of treasure to th' open danger  
Of a large casement, and suspicious alley?

No, Sir, my sacrifice no sooner done,  
But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo,  
I could be angry, but that your sudden fear  
Excuses you. Fie, such a noise as this  
Half an hour past, had scar'd the intelligences,  
And spoil'd the work; but no harm done, go walk  
Westward, directly westward, one half hour:  
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd to

Antonio,

And as you like my skill, perform your promise,  
I mean the chain.

PAN. Content, let's still go westward,  
Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.

[Exit Pan. and Cric.

Enter RONCA, HARPAX, FURBO.

ALB. Furbo, Harpax, and Ronca, come out, all  
clear.

Why here's a noble prize worth vent'ring for.  
Is not this braver than sneak all night in danger,  
Picking of locks, or hooking cloths at windows?  
Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine  
All rich, and eas'ly got. Furbo, stay hereabout,  
And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him

Wick

With a low reverence, Antonio,  
Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it  
Before he went to Barbary.

RON. How! lose ten pieces?

ALB. There's a necessity in't, devise some course  
To get't again; if not, our gain's sufficient  
To bear that loss. Ronca, find out Bevilona  
The courtezan, let her feign herself a gentlewoman;  
Inamour'd of Antonio; bid her invite him  
To banquet with her, and by all means possible  
Force him stay there two hours.

HAR. Why two hours?

ALB. That in that time thou may'st convey  
Our treasure to the inn, and speak a boat  
Ready for Gravesend, and provide a supper.

FUR. And what will you do?

ALB. First in, and usher out our changeling Trincalo.

RON. Harpax, bestow the plate; Furbo, our beards,  
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,  
And at the same time and place meet all at supper.

*Exit Fur. Har. and Ron.*

*Enter TRINCALO.*

ALB. Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully mued  
From brown soak feathers of dull yeomanry  
To th' glorious bloom of gentry: plume yourself sleek;  
Wear boldly y'are the man you represent  
To all that dare deny it.

TRIN. I find my thoughts  
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face  
Feels still like Trincalo.

ALB. You imagine so.  
Fishes are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive angler  
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams  
A steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns  
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks

*F*

*And*

And constant trees, move like the running waters:  
 So you that thirty years have liv'd in Trincalo,  
 Chang'd suddenly, think y' are so still; but instantly  
 These thoughts will vanish.

TRIN. Give me a looking-glass  
 To read your skill in these new lineaments.

ALB. I'd rather give you poison; for a glass  
 By secret power of cross reflections,  
 And optic virtue, spoils the wond'rous work  
 Of transformation, and in a moment turns you,  
 Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.  
 We read that Apuleius was by a rose  
 Chang'd from an ass to man: so by a mirror,  
 You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.  
 But still remember, I pray you, Sir, remember  
 T' avoid the devil, and a looking-glass.  
 Let me conduct and usher you to the world;  
 This way, great Sir.—I pray you, Sir, remember.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE *the* STREET.

*Enter* ALBUMAZAR *and* TRINCALO.

ALB. New-born Antonio, I humbly take my leave  
 And kiss your hands.

TRIN. Divine Albumazar, I kiss yours. (*Exit Alb.*)  
 Now I am grown a gentleman, and a fine one,  
 I know 't by th' kissing of my hands so courtly:  
 My courteous knees bend in so true distance,  
 As if my foot walk'd in a frame on purpose,  
 Thus I accost you; or thus, sweet Sir, your servant:  
 Nay more, your servant's servant: that's your grand  
 servant.

I could descend from the top of Paul's to th' bottom,  
 And on each step strew parting compliments,  
 Strive for a door, while a good carpenter  
 Might make a new one. I am your shadow, Sir,  
 And



And bound to wait upon you; i'faith I will not:  
 . pray, Sir, fie, Sir, dear Sir—  
 O brave Albumazar!

*Enter FURBO.*

FURB. Just Æsop's crow, prink'd up in borrow'd  
 feathers.

TRIN. My veins are fill'd with newness: O for a  
 surgeon

To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,  
 To try if 't run two thousand pounds a year,  
 I feel my understanding is enlarg'd  
 With the rare knowledge of this latter age.  
 A sacred fury overways me. Prime—  
 Deal quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings and  
 sixpence.

You see 't? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more cards,  
 And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths  
 For me; I'll pay thee again with interest—  
 O brave Albumazar!

FURB. How his imagination boils, and works in  
 all things

He ever saw or heard!

TRIN. Sir, my grey Barbary  
 Gaint your dun cow, three train scents and th' course,  
 for fifty pound; as I am a gentleman.  
 I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard with me  
 That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder—  
 lie? my reputation you shall hear on't.  
 O brave Albumazar!

FURB. He'll grow stark mad, I fear me.

TRIN. Now I know  
 I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me  
 to challenge some brave fellow for my credit,  
 and for more safety, get some friend in private  
 to take the business up in peace and quiet.

FURB. Signior Antonio!

TRIN. There's not a crumb of Trincalo  
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina.

FURB. Signior Antonio! welcome ten thousand times  
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.

TRIN. I thank you, Sir, Antonio is your servant,  
I am glad to see you well. Fie! I kiss your hands,  
and thus accost you.

FURB. This three months all your kindred, friends,  
and children,

Mourn'd for your death.

TRIN. And so they well might do,  
For five days I was under water; and at length  
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,  
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;  
And thus in five days more got land: believe it,  
I made a most incredible escape,  
And safe return from Barb'ry: at your service.

FURB. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary.  
No friend more glad to see Antonio  
Than I: Not am I thus for hope of gain;  
But that I find occasion to be grateful  
By your return. Do you remember, Sir,  
Before you went, as I was once arrested,  
And could not put in bail, you passing by,  
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?

TRIN. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

FURB. Oft have I waited at your house with money,  
And many thanks; but you were still beyond seas:  
Now am I happy of this fair occasion  
To testify my honest care to pay you:  
For you may need it.

TRIN. Sir, I do indeed,  
Witness my treasure cast away by shipwreck.

FURB. Here, Sir.

TRIN.

TRIN. Is the gold good? has it weight?  
For mine was so I lent you.

FURB. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for  
this courtesy,

Call me your servant. *[Exit Furbo.]*

TRIN. Farewell, good servant, ha, ha ha, ha, ha. I  
know not so much as his name! ten pounds? this change  
is better than my birth; for in all the years of my  
yeomanry, I could never yoke two crowns, and now  
I have hoarded ten fair twenty shilling pieces. Now  
will I go to this astrologer, and hire him to turn my  
cart to a coach, my four jades to two Flander's mares,  
my mistress Armellina to a lady, my plow-boy Dick  
to two guarded footmen: then will I hurry myself into  
the mercer's books, wear rich cloaths, be called Tony  
by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate  
citizens, beat bailiffs, and when all fails, sneak out  
of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glass, and turn  
as true Trincalo as ever.

*Enter HARPAK.*

HARP. Signior Antonio! I saw you as you landed,  
And in great haste follow'd to congratulate  
Your safe return, with these most wish'd embraces.

TRIN. Who the devil's this. *[aside.]*

And I accept your joy with like affection  
How do you call yourself?

HARP. Have you forgot  
Your dear friend Harpax, whom you love so well?

TRIN. My life here's ten pound more!  
O, I remember now my dear friend Harpax.

HARP. Thanks to the fortune of the sea that sav'd you.

TRIN. How do's your body, Harpax?

HARP. My dear Antonio,  
Never so well as now I have the power

Thus

Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange  
Gave drown'd for threewhole months. My dear Antonio!

TRIN. I thank you, Sir.

HARP. Never in fitter season could I find you.  
If you remember, Sir, before you went  
To Barbary, I lent you ten pounds in gold.

TRIN. I lent you ten pounds in gold.

HARP. No, Sir, 'twas I lent you ten pounds.

TRIN. Faith I remember no such thing.

You must excuse me, you never lent me money.

HARP. Sir, as I live, ten twenty shilling pieces.

TRIN. Dangers at sea I find have hurt my memory.

HARP. Why here's your own hand-writing, seal'd  
and sign'd

In presence of your cousin Julia.

TRIN. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I sustain'd great losses  
By reason of the shipwreck. Here's five pieces,  
Will that content you? and to-morrow morning  
Come to my house and take the rest.

HARP. Well, Sir,

Tho' my necessity would importune you  
For all, yet on your worship's word, the rest  
I'll call for in the morning. Farewel, Antonio.

[Exit Harp.]

TRIN. I see we gentlemen can sometimes borrow  
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay  
As meaner men. I'll home, lest other creditors  
Call for the rest. (going.)

*Enter BEVILONA and RONCA, from the House.*

BEV. Ronca, no more, unless thy words were charms  
Of power to revive him: Antonio's dead.  
He's dead, and in his death hath buried  
All my delights—begone—

[Exit Ron.]

O strange! he's here.

[seeing Trincalo.]

Signior Antonio! my heart's sweet content!  
My life and better portion of my soul!

Are



Are you return'd and safe ? for whose sad death  
I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs.  
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy  
Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses ?

TRIN. Whom do you talk withal, fair gentlewoman ?

BEV. With my best friend, commander of my life,  
My most belov'd Antonio.

TRIN. With me ?

What's your desire with me, sweet lady ?

BEV. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,  
To what you please : for all my liberty  
Lies in your service.

TRIN. Now I smell the business.

This is some gentlewoman enamour'd  
With him whose shape I bear. Fie ! what an ass  
Was I to strange myself, and lose the occasion  
Of a good banquet, and her company ?  
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jest,  
To try if absence caus'd you to forget  
A friend that lov'd you ever.

BEV. Forget Antonio,

Whose dear remembrance doth inform the soul  
Of your poor servant Bevilona ! no,  
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench'd one spark  
Of th' sweet affection which your love hath kindled  
In this warm breast.

TRIN. Madam, the waves had drown'd me,  
But that your love held up my chin.

BEV. Will't please you

Enter and rest yourself, refresh the weariness  
Of your hard travel ; I have good wine and fruits,  
My husband's out of town : you shall command  
My house, and all that's in't.

TRIN. Why, are you married ?

BEV. Have you forgot my husband, an angry roarer ?

TRIN. O ; I remember him : but if he come.

BEV. Whence grows this fear ? how come you so  
respectful ?

You

You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldness!  
Go in, sweet life, go in.

TRIN. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you.  
*Exit Bev.*

Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress,  
And happier I, that in his place enjoy her!  
I say still there's no pleasure like transformation.

*Exit TRIN.*

*Enter FURBO.*

Now is the ass expecting of a banquet,  
Ready to court embrace, and kiss his mistress,  
But I'll soon starve him. *(Exit.)*

SCENE, a Chamber in BEVILONA's House.

*Enter TRINCALO and BEVILONA.*

BEV. Now tell me, dear Antonio, what has  
Befall'n thee since our last sad parting?  
Your cold address and strange behaviour  
When you saw me first, strike to my heart,  
And make me fear your Bevilona's forsaken  
And forgot—is it not so Antonio?

TRIN. Don't weep so fairest blossom, I tell you  
Your love incited me to try your constancy,  
And happy is th' event, then let us lose no  
Time, but strait begin to taste the banquet.

*(FURBO without knocks.)*

What ho! ho! there!

BEV. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within;  
Or busy: why so importunate? who is't?

FUR. 'Tis I.

BEV. Your name?

FUR. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy,  
ap Roger, &c.

TRIN. Spinola's camp's broke loose: a troop of  
soldiers! Sir.

BEV. O me! my husband! O me wretch! 'tis my  
husband!

TRIN.

TRIN. One man, and wear so many names!

BEV. O Sir.

H'as more outrageous devils in his rage  
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him.  
Down at that window.

TRIN. 'Tis as high as Paul's.  
Open the garden door.

BEV. He has the keys.  
Down at some window, as you love your life,  
My honour, and your safety; 'tis but a leap.

TRIN. To break my neck.

FURB. Bevilona!  
Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters  
Beat all thy bones to pieces: down, you whore!

BEV. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.

TRIN. Ha' you no trunk or chest to hide me?

BEV. None, Sir.

Alas I am clean undone, it is my husband.

FURB. Doubtless this whore hath some of her com-  
panions

That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,  
I'll bathé my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,  
In his heart's-blood. Come down.

BEV. I cannot, stay,  
There stands a water cask under the stairs  
With head to ope and shut at pleasure; in,  
In, as you love your life.

TRIN. But hear you, madam,  
Is there no looking-glass within't? for I hate glasses  
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.

BEV. In, in, there's none.

*Enter FURBO.*

FURB. How now! where have you stow'd the clown?

BEV. He is tunn'd up in the empty water-cask  
Under the stairs.

G

FURB.

FURB. Empty! better and better! 'twas half full  
This morning.

Second me handsomely—we'll entertain him  
An hour or two, and laugh and get his cloaths  
To make our sport up.

TRIN. (*within*) Oh I drown, I drown!

FURB. Whence comes this hollow sound? I drown,  
I drown!

My life 'tis Trincalo, for I have heard that coxcomb,  
That afs, that clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,  
Sending his fruit and dainties from the country.  
O that 'twere he! How would I use the villain!  
First crop his ears, then slit his nose and fit him  
As a present to the great Turk to keep his concubines.  
Who's within here? [*Trincalo knocks in the tub.*]

BEV. One that you dare not touch

FURB. One that I dare not? [*Trincalo comes out.*]  
Out, villain, out——Signior Antonio!

Had it been any but yourself, he died.

But as you sav'd my life before you went,  
So now command mine in your services.

I would have sworn y' had been drown'd in Barbary.

TRIN. 'Twas a hard passage: but not so dangerous  
As was this vessel. Pray you conceive no ill,  
I meant no harm, but call'd of your wife to know  
How my son Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.

FURB. Sir, I believe you.

TRIN. But I must tell you one thing.  
You must not be so jealous, on my honour  
She's very honest.

FURB. For you I make no question.  
But there's a rogue call'd Trincalo, whom if I catch,  
I'll teach him.

TRIN. Who, you mean Pandolfo's farmer?  
Alas, poor fool, he's a stark afs, but harmless.  
And tho' she talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,

As



As all the world do's at him : Come, be friends  
At my entreaty.

FURB. Sir, for your sake.

BEV I thank you.

TRIN. Let's have a fire ; and while I dry myself,  
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.  
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with  
you.

FURB. My house and self are at your service.

TRIN. Lead in.

Alas, poor Trincalo ! had'st thou been taken,  
Thou had'st been tunn'd for Turkey.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's shape.

What a notorious wittall's this ! ha, ha, ha.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV.

### SCENE I. A STREET.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

**T**HUS by great favour of propitious stars,  
From fearful storms, shipwrecks, and raging billows,  
Merciless jaws of death ! am I return'd  
To th' safe and quiet bosom of my country.  
The memory of these misfortunes pass'd,  
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure  
I shall receive of my son Lelio,  
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy  
Make gold, that else were useless, serviceable;  
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain  
Threatens the smoothness of a smiling valley.

G 2

*Enter*

*Enter ARMELLINA. (Speaking to a servant.*

ARM. Do you get ready what I have told you,  
And I will bring the other matters back with me.

*(turns and sees Antonio.*

What do I see! is not this Trincalo,  
Transform'd t'Antonio? 'tis! and so perfectly,  
That did the right Antonio now confront him,  
I'd swear they both were true, or both were false.

ANT. Armellina! well met; how fares the girl?  
And how fares my son and daughter Flavia?

ARM. How fares the girl, and how my son and  
daughter?

Mary! come up—we are much improv'd—  
Manners, they say, are often chang'd with cloaths.

*(aside.*

ANT. Why don't you speak, my girl?

ARM. Ha! ha! ha! what impudence!

*(aside.*

ANT. She's overjoy'd to see me!

And how fares it with my old friend Pandolfo?

ARM. His old friend Pandolfo! ha! ha! ha!  
I can scarce refrain from beating him—bless me!  
Your means are much encreas'd sure, that you dare  
To stile so familiarly your master's friend.

ANT. What say'st thou?

ARM. Don't *thou* me, poor ignorant clown!

ANT. What do'st thou say? surely my ears deceiv'd

ARM. O! I must counterfeit too—I will do't. [me.

I am rejoic'd your worship's safe return'd

From your late drowning: th'Exchange hath giv'n  
you lost,

*(sifting a laugh.*

And all your friends wore mourning three months past;

I'm sure, for my part, I'most broke my heart.

ANT. Thou art a kind good girl.

ARM. Did you ever hear the like?

ANT. The danger of the shipwreck I escap'd,

So

So desperate was, that I may truly say,  
I am new born, not sav'd.

ARM. Ha! ha! ha! thro' what a grace,  
And goodly countenance the rascal speaks!  
What a grave portance! could Antonio  
Himself out-do him? O you notorious villain!  
Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dis-  
sembled?

ANT. How now! a servant thus familiar? begone,  
Use your companions so: more reverence  
Becomes you better.

ARM. As tho' I understood not  
The end of all this plot, and goodly business.  
Come, I know all. See! this untill'd clod of earth  
Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.  
He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing.

Ha! ha! ha!

ANT. Why laugh you, woman?

ARM. To see thee chang'd, thou no man,  
So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch  
Of thy old clownish carcase: Ha! ha!

ANT. Laughter proceeds  
From absurd actions and weak minds.

ARM. Ha! ha! ha!  
Sententious blockhead! what shall I do with him?

ANT. And y'are ill advis'd  
To jest instead of pity. Alas! my miseries,  
Dangers of death, slavery of cruel moors,  
And tedious journeys, might have easily alter'd  
A stronger body, much more this decay'd vessel,  
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

ARM. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's  
house,

Effect your business, for I know it all;  
Cricca has told me—and upon my credit,  
Thou'rt so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

ANT.

ANT. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,  
From my own house, children, and family.

ARM. His children, and his family! the booby! [*aside*.  
Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive  
His mind transform'd? how gravely he continues  
The countenance he began? ha! ha! ha! why blockhead,  
Think'st thou to deceive me too?—why, Trincalo?

ANT. I understand you not—hands off.

ARM. Art thou not Trincalo,  
Pandolfo's man?

ANT. I not so much as know him.

ARM. Dar'st thou deny it to me?

ANT. I dare and must,  
To all the world, long as Antonio lives. [*kin*.

ARM. You arrant ass! have I not known thee, bum-  
Serve thy master in his farm for several years?  
Hast thou not dar'd to make thy silly love  
To me? and have I not scorn'd thee, Trincalo?  
Taken thy presents? True—but with the basket,  
Have thrown away the giver. (*going*.

ANT. Stay, Armillina.

By all the oaths that bind men's consciences  
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

ARM. I will not hear thee, lying knave—and never  
O never, dare to come near me—if thou dost,  
Tho' you so lately have escap'd from drowning,  
I shall fouse your gentility again.

*Enter CRICCA.*

ARM. Cricca, there is the transform'd Trincalo—  
And is so chang'd he does not know himself.  
I'll return home to bar his entrance there. (*Exit*

CRIC. (*looking round him*) I scarce can credit my  
own eyes—strange art!

Wonderful art of great Albumazar!  
Two sheep are not more like than he and Antonio.  
How happy am I to escape his clutches!

ART.



ANT. Cricca, good day, I joy to see thee!

CRIC. 'Tis the devil from top to bottom—yes—  
Tis the devil! but he has hid his hoofs. (*aside.*  
Your servant, Sir Trinc—Antonio I mean.

ANT. What is the meaning of all this?—all joining  
To abuse, and to distress me? Sirrah! Cricca!  
Where is your master, my old friend, Pandolfo?  
He would not use me thus.—

CRIC. His impudence out-goes his transformation:  
You rascal, Trincalo!—if you once more  
Dare to attempt deceiving me—take notice,  
Tho' the devil is your friend—I'll get a flail  
And thrash out Trincalo from Antonio.  
Don't trot from me in your Barbary trappings;  
I am in the secret:—and will you still  
Per sist t' impose on me?—ay, you may grin—  
And grind your teeth—another look I'll drive 'em  
Down your throat—you poor insolent bull-calf.

*Enter PANDOLFO.*

PAN. What means this noise? O Cricca! what's  
the matter?

CRIC. Sir, here's your farmer Trincalo, transform'd  
So just as he was melted, and new cast  
In the mould of old Antonio.

PAN. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he  
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar!  
How I admire thy skill! Just so he look'd,  
And thus he walk'd: this is his face, his hair,  
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,  
Then is th' astrologer a wonder worker.

ANT. Signior Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much  
To find you well, as for my own return.

How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia?

PAN. Well, well, Sir.

CRIC. This is a good beginning:  
How naturally the rogue dissembles it!

With

With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,  
He speaks and looks ! How cunningly Albumazar  
Hath for our purpose suited him in Barbary clothes !

I'll try him further : Sir,

We hear'd you were drown'd ? pray you, how 'scap'd  
you shipwreck ?

ANT. No sooner was I ship'd for Barbary,  
But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us :  
When enter'd in the streights of Gibraltar,  
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us,  
The tempest tore our helm, and rent our tackles,  
Broke the main-mast, while all the sea about us  
Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us :  
And struck's against a rock, splitting the vessel  
T' a thousand splinters. I, with two mariners,  
Swam to the coast, where, by the barb'rous Moors,  
We were surpris'd, fetter'd and sold for slaves.

CRIC. This tale th' astrologer pen'd, and he hath  
conn'd it.

ANT. But by a gentleman of Italy,  
Whom I had known before——

PAN. No more ; this taste  
Proves thou canst play the rest. For this fair story,  
My hand, I make thy ten pounds twenty marks,  
Thou look'st and speak'st so like Antonio.

ANT. Whom should I look and speak like, but myself ?

CRIC. Good, still !

PAN. But now, my honest Trincalo,  
Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,  
That the astrologer, when he had transform'd thee,  
Committed to thy charge ? are they safe lock'd ?

ANT. I understand you not.

PAN. The jewels, man ;  
The plate and gold th' astrologer, that chang'd thee,  
Bade you lay up.

ANT. What plate ? what gold ?  
What jewels ? what transformation ? what astrologer

CRIC

CIRC. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.

ANT. Leave off your jesting. It neither suits your place

Nor age, Pandolfo, to scoff your antient friend.

I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,

Nor by the astrologer, nor Trincalo.

CRIC. Better and better still. Believe me, Sir,

He thinks himself Antonio, and ever shall be,

And so possess your plate.—Art thou not Trincalo,

My master's farmer?

ANT. I am Antonio,

Your master's friend. If he teach you no more manners---

PAN. Three thousand pounds must not be lost so slightly.

Come, Sir, we'll draw you to the astrologer,

And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.

ANT. To me these terms?

PAN. Come, I'll not lose my plate.

CRIC. Stay, Sir, and take my counsel. Let him still

Firmly conceit himself the man he seems:

Thus he, himself deceiv'd, will far more earnestly

Effect your business, and deceive the rest.

There's a main difference, 'twixt a self-bred action

And a forc'd carriage. Suffer him then to enter

Antonio's house, and wait th' event: for him,

He can't escape: what you intend to do,

Do't when he's serv'd your turn. I see the maid;

Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.

PAN. Thy counsel's good: away.

CRIC. Look, Trincalo,

Yonder's your beauteous mistress, Armellina,

And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.

[Exit Pan. and Cric.]

ANT. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble;

For with their farmer and astrologer,

Plate and gold, they've almost maddened me.

Now to my house, where I shall find comfort. [Exit.]

H

THE END

SCENE *before ANTONIO's House.*ARMELLINA and FLAVIA *at the Window.*

ARM. Mistress! Flavia! pray come here,  
I beseech you quick, quick good madam.

FLAV. (*at the Window.*) What is the matter wench?

ARM. Look here, there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's  
farmer,

My foolish sweetheart, wrapt in your father's shape;  
Let us abuse him.

FLAV. I can't, I am tongue ty'd; this strange ap-  
pearance,

Tho' I know his art, brings to my mem'ry  
My dear lov'd father; I can scarce bear  
To look upon him. Is the door fast?

ARM. Yes, as a usurer's purse.—

ANT. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet  
That keeps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.

[*Ant. Knocks.*

ARM. Who is he that knocks so boldly?

FLAV. What want you, Sir?

ANT. O my fair daughter, Flavia! let all the stars  
Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope' the doors.

ARM. Mark! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha:  
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits!

ANT. Know'st not thy father, old Antonio?  
Is all the world grown frantick?

FLA. What Antonio?

ANT. Thy loving father, Flavia.

FLA. My father! would he were here!

ARM. Would thou wert in his place.

ANT. Open the door, sweet Flavia.

FLA. Sir, I am afraid;

Horror incloses me, my mind's distracted!

ARM. I sweat to hear a dead man speak, fegh! get  
you gone.

ANT.



ANT. Daughter you are abus'd; come down, and know me;

Let me come in.

ARM. Soft, soft, Sir, y'are too hasty.

ANT. Quickly, or else—

ARM. Good words, good words, I pray,  
In strangers houses: were the doors your own,  
You might be bolder.

ANT. I'll beat the doors and windows  
About your ears.

ARM. Are you so hot? We'll cool you.

ANT. Imprudent creature!

ARM. Out, carter:

Hence, dirty whipstock; hence, you fowl clown.  
Begone.

Or I will drive you hence—bring me a gun here—  
Or a tub of water—once more to drown him.

*Enter LELIO.*

LEL. Armellina, whom do you draw your tongue  
upon so sharply?

ARM. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by  
force

To break the doors, and enter.

LEL. 'Tis his grave look!

In every lineament himself no liker.

And had I not hap'ly been advertised,

What could have forc'd me think 'twere Trincalo?

ANT. These ghosts, these Trincalos, and astrologers,  
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,  
When mine own son refuseth? Oh Antonio!

LEL. Infinite power of art! who would believe  
The planets influence could transform a man  
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly;  
But that he wears the awful countenance  
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.

H 2

ANT.

ANT. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, son,  
Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,  
The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journeys,  
Have chang'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;  
Yet still this face, tho' alter'd, may be known:  
This scar bears witness, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst  
With thine own hands.

LEL. He that chang'd Trincalo  
T' Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,  
As a main character.

ANT. I have no other marks,  
Or reasons to persuade them: methinks these words,  
*I am thy father*, were argument sufficient  
To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracements.

LEL. A sudden coldness strikes me: my tender heart  
Beats with compassion of I know not what.  
Sirrah, be gone; truss up your goodly speeches,  
Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations.  
Your plot's discover'd; 'twill not take: thy impudence  
For once, I pardon. The pious reverence  
I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,  
Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you  
Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you  
Out of Antonio's skin. Away.

ANT. I go, Sir;  
And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* TRINCALO.

TRIN. When this transformed substance of my  
carcase

Did live imprison'd in a wanton hog'shead,  
My name was don Antonio, and that title  
Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suit of clothes.  
How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me!  
With what respect, and careful tenderness!

Your

Your worship, Sir, had ever a sickly constitution, and I fear much more now, since your long voyage. As you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good Sir, neglect not your health; for, on my experience there is nothing worse for the hum than to be drench'd in a musty hog'shead." Pretty soul! Now to the business: I'll into my house, and first bestow Armellina upon Trinculo; then try what can be done for Pandolfo: for a rule I was wont to observe, first do your own business, and next your master's.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

ANT. Wretched Antonio! hast been preserv'd so strangely

from foreign miseries; to be wrong'd at home? I'm arriv'd from thy house by the scorn of thine own children! [TRIN. knocks.

ANT. But stay, there's one knocks boldly; 't may be some friend. [TRIN. Knocks again.

ANT. Dwell you here, gentleman?

TRIN. He calls me gentleman; 't is th' virtue of good cloaths! All men salute, honour, respect, and reverence us.

ANT. Good gentleman, let me, without offence, intreat your name, and why you knock?

TRIN. How, sirrah, sauce-box, my name! thou some stranger art, or grossly ign'rant, that know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?

ANT. Be not in choler, Sir.

TRIN. Befits it me, a gentleman of publick reputation, to stoop so low as satisfy the questions of a base and earthly piece like thyself? what art thou? ha?

ANT.

ANT. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.

TRIN. Thou liest, base sycophant, my worshipping owns it.

ANT. May be my son hath sold it in my absence, Thinking me dead—How long has't called you master?

TRIN. 'Long as Antonio possessest it.

ANT. Which Antonio?

TRIN. Antonio Anastasio.

ANT. That Anastasio,

That was drown'd in Barbary?

TRIN. That Anastasio,

That self same man am I: I 'scap'd by swimming,  
And now return to keep my former promise  
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and in exchange,  
To take Sulpitia to my wife.

ANT. All this

I intended 'fore I went: but Sir, if I  
Can be no other than myself, and you  
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.

TRIN. How! one with thee? speak such another  
syllable,

And by the terror of this deadly steel,  
That ne'er saw light, but sent to endless darkness  
All that durst stand before't, thou diest.

ANT. Alas!

My weakness grown by age, and pains of travel,  
Disarms my courage to defend myself;  
I have no strength but patience.

TRIN. What boldness maddeth thee to steal my name?

ANT. Sir, heat of wine.

TRIN. And when y'are drunk,  
Is there no person to put on but mine,  
To cover your intended villanies?

ANT. Dangers at sea

Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home injuries.  
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?



most unfortunate Antonio!

sea thou suffer'dst shipwrack of thy goods,

land of thine own self—fly, fly to Barb'ry,

and rather there endure the foreign cruelty

of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home

wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

TRIN. How! prating still? why Timothy begone,

draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us;

let fortune of the fight decide the question.

There's a brave rogue, that in the king's high-way

offers to rob me of my good name. Draw!

ANT. These wrongs recall my strength, I am  
resolved:

rather die once than suffer always. Draw!

TRIN. Stay, understand'st thou well nice points  
of duel?

ANT. Yes, I'll to the point immediately.

(Beats Trin.)

TRIN. Hold! hold!—Murder! murder!

Give me my life, and take Antonio.

*Enter LELIO, CRICCA, from the House.*

LEL. What noise is this? am I awake.

Seest thou not, Cricca, Trincalo and Antonio?

CRIC. O strange! they're both here.

LEL. Didst not thou inform me

that Trincalo was turn'd to Antonio?

Which I believing, like a cursed son,

with most reproachful threats, drove mine old father

from his own doors: Pardon me, father.

[Goes to his father and kneels.

It was my blind ignorance, not want of duty,

that wrong'd you: all was intended for that farmer,

whom an astrologer, they said, transform'd.

ANT. How an astrologer?

LEL.

LEL. What with your distresses, injuries and fatigue  
Your spirits must demand repose:  
Within, Sir, I will tell you all, and hope  
Your pardon for each insult our abused  
Minds have cast upon you.

ANT. Where there is no ill intention son,  
There can be little merit in forgiveness.

[Exit into the house]

CRIC. 'Tis plain Albumazar  
Hath cheated my old master of his plate,  
For here's the farmer as like himself as ever,  
Only his cloaths excepted. Trincalo!

TRIN. Cricca, where's Trincalo? do'st see him?

CRIC. Yes, and as rank an ass as ever he was.

TRIN. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither  
nor know'st me.

I am transform'd, transform'd!

(CRIC. Note the strange power of strong imagination)

TRIN. A world of engines cannot wrest my thought  
From being a gentleman: I am one, and will be;  
And tho' I be not, yet will think myself so;  
And scorn thee, Cricca, as a slave and servant.

[Exit]

CRIC. 'Tis all lost labour to dissuade his dulness  
Now to work my brain; what's more to be done?  
Trincalo must be catch'd—kept close lock'd up,  
'Till I release him:—wine does that.—what next?  
No whisper must go forth, of the return  
Of this Antonio,—and then shall our Pandolfo  
I have it now—'tis here—and we shall see  
If cunning can't out-wit astrology:

'Tis Cricca's skill, 'gainst great Albumazar's,  
Tho' back'd by all his devils and his stars.

A C T V.

SCENE, before ANTONIO'S House.

*Enter LELIO and CRICCA, out of the House.*

CRIC. **T**IS the only way, Sir, humour but the bumpkin,

And fortune cannot trick us; Armellina's ready,  
So am I—and here comes Trincalo. *[Exit Cric,*

*Enter TRINCALO.*

TRIN. This rascal, Cricca, with his arguments  
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,  
That I half doubt I am not what I seem:  
But that will soon be clear'd; if they receive me  
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.

LEL. Signior Antonio, my most loving father!  
Blest be the day and hour of your return.

TRIN. Son Lelio! a blessing on my child; I pray  
thee tell me,  
How fares my servant Armellina? well?

LEL. Have you forgot my sister Flavia?

TRIN. What, my dear daughter Flavia? no, but first  
Call Armellina: for this day we'll celebrate  
A gleek of marriages: Pandolfo and Flavia,  
Gulpitia and myself, and Trincalo  
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.

LEL. I will, Sir. *[Exit.*

TRIN. So: 'tis well that Lelio  
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,  
Perfect Antonio.

*Enter ARMILLINA.*

ARM. Signior Antonio!  
My long expected master!

I

TRIN.

TRIN. O Armellina!

Come, let me kiss thy brow like mine own daughter.

ARM. 'Tis too great a favour—alas! how feeble  
Yyou are grown with your long travel!

TRIN. True, being drown'd,  
Nothing so griev'd me, as to lose thy company.  
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good service,  
I'll help thee to a husband.

ARM. A husband, Sir?

Some young and handsome youth, or else I'll none.

TRIN. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly wench  
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.

ARM. Fie, an old man! how! cast myself away,  
And be no nurse but his?

TRIN. He's not like me  
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;  
A handsome well set man as I.

ARM. His name?

TRIN. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.

ARM. Signior Pandolfo's handsome farmer?

TRIN. That's he.

ARM. Most unexpected happiness! 'tis the man  
I more esteem than my own life: sweet master,  
Procure that match, and think me satisfied  
For all my former service without wages:  
But ah, I fear you jest. My poor unworthiness  
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet Trincalo.  
No, wretched Armellina, in and despair:  
Back to thy mournful dresser; there lament  
Thyself to kitchen-stuff, and burn to ashes,  
For love of thy sweet farmer.

TRIN. Alas! poor soul,  
How prettily she weeps for me!—Wilt see him?

ARM. My soul waits in my eyes, and leaves my body  
Senseless.

TRIN. Then swear to keep my counsel.



ARM. I swear  
by th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.

TRIN. Why, I am Trincalo.

ARM. Your worship, Sir! why do you flout your  
servant,

right worshipful Antonio, my reverend master?

TRIN. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.

Why laugh'st thou?

ARM. 'Tis desire and joy,  
to see my sweetest.

TRIN. Look upon me and see him.

ARM. I say I see Antonio, and none other.

TRIN. I am within, thy love: without, thy master.  
An astrologer transform'd me for a day.

ARM. Mock not your poor maid, pray you, Sir.

TRIN. I do not.

How would I break this head against the stones,

to be unchang'd; fie on this gentry, it sticks

like bird-lime. Carry me to your chamber.

And there we'll talk the matter over.

ARM. O Sir, by no means: but with my lovely farmer  
stay all night, and thank him.

TRIN. Cross misfortune!

Accurst Albumazar! and mad Pandolfo!

To change me thus; that when I most desire

to be myself, I cannot. Armellina,

fetch me a looking-glass.

ARM. To what end?

TRIN. Fetch one.

Let my old master's business sink or swim,

this sweet occasion must not be neglected,

wonderful!

*[He looks in the glass.]*

Amir'd Albumazar in two transmutations!

Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant

am unchang'd that was so long a changing!

O wonder! here's my old black chin again!—

Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo

To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,  
Kiss thy fill.

ARM. Not here in public.

T' enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:  
The world would envy then my happiness.  
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my chamber  
We'll consummate the match in privacy.

TRIN. Was not the face I wore far worse than this  
But for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar  
Hath dy'd my thoughts so deep i'th' grain of gentr  
'Tis not a glass can rob me of my good fashion,  
And gentlemanly garb. Come, my dear, [*Ex. Trin*]

ARM. I'll follow you. So, now he's fast enough  
Thus have I got me a husband, and in good earnest  
Mean to marry him—It is a tough clown,  
And rich enough for me, that have no portion  
But my poor service. Well, he's something foolish  
The better can I domineer and rule him  
At pleasure. That's the mark and utmost height  
We women aim at. I am resolv'd; I'll have him.

[*Ex*]

# SCENE, a CHAMBER.

*Enter* LELIO, SULPITIA.

SUL. Lelio! Lelio!

LEL. O there's the voice that in one note contain  
All chords of music: how gladly she'll embrace  
The news I give her, and the messenger!

SUL. Soft, soft, y'are much mistaken; for in earnest  
I am angry, Lelio; and with you.

LEL. Sweetest, those flames  
Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench  
I'th' welcome news I bring you.

SUL. Stand still, I charge you  
By th' virtue of my lips; speak not a syllable,  
As you expect a kiss should close my anger.  
For I must chide you.

L

LEL. O my Sulpitia,  
Were every speech you utter charg'd with death,  
I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.

SUL. First, Sir, I hear, you teach Eugenio  
Too grave a wariness in your sister's love,  
And kill his honest forwardness of affection  
With your far-fetch'd respects, suspicious fears:  
You have your may-bes; this is dangerous:  
*That course were better: for if so, and yet—*  
*Who knows? the event is doubtful; be advis'd;*  
*'Tis a young rashness: your father is your father:*  
*Take leisure to consider—* Thus y'ave consider'd  
Poor Flavia almost to her grave. Fie, Lelio,  
Had this my smallness undertook the business,  
And done no more in four short winters days  
Than you in four months; I'd have vowed my virginity  
To the living tomb of a sad nunnery:  
Which indeed for your sake I loath.

LEL. Sweet, by your favour.

SUL. Peace, peace: don't sweet me,—you're so  
very wise

And tip your speeches with your saws, and proverbs,  
That you seem to be laying in your winter crop  
Before the summer fruits are gather'd; but indeed  
Sagacious Sir, I won't hang upon the tree 'till I wither,  
Or drop down with over mellowness.

LEL. Give me but leave.

SUL. Have I a lip? and you  
Made sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwise  
Your sister and Eugenio had been sure  
Long time e'er this.

LEL. But—

SUL. Stay, stay Sir, your cue's not come yet.  
I hate as perfectly this grey youth of yours,  
As old Antonio's green dotage. Fy! wise lovers  
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,  
I should begin to cool mine own affection.

For

For shame consider well your sister's temper.  
 Her melancholly may much hurt her. Respect her,  
 On spight of mine own love, I'll make you stay  
 Six months before you marry me. But what is this  
 so happy

News you have to tell me?

LEL. Let us haste to Flavia and your brother, and  
 there I

Will unfold a secret, which if rightly manag'd will  
 Give us all we wish :---

SUL. Let's away then. But---

Look to't, for if we be not married e'er next morning,  
 By great love that is hid in this small compass,  
 Flavia and myself will steal you both away,  
 To your eternal shame and foul discredit.  
 Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, a TAVERN.

*Enter* ALBUMAZAR, RONCO, FURBO, HARPAX.

ALB. How? not a single share of this great prize,  
 That have deserv'd the whole? was't not my plot,  
 And pains, and your meer instruments and porters?  
 Shall I have nothing?

RON. No, not a silver spoon.

FUR. Nor cover of a trencher salt.

HAR. Nor table-napkin.

ALB. Have we not kept an honest trust, and faith,  
 Long time amongst us? break not the sacred league,  
 By raising civil theft; turn not your furt  
 'Gainst your own bowels Rob your careful master!  
 Are you not asham'd?

RON. No—'tis our profession,  
 As yours astrology. And in the days of old,  
*Good morrow thief; as welcome was receiv'd,*  
*As now your worship* 'Tis your own instruction.

FUR. *The Spartans held it lawful, and th' Arabians;*  
*So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant.*

HAR.



HAR. *The world's a theatre of theft: great rivers  
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.*

ALB. Have not I wean'd you up from petty-larceny,  
Dangerous and poor? and must you to full strength  
Of safe and gainful theft? by rules of art  
And principles of cheating made you free  
From taking as you went invisible?  
And do you thus requite me; this the reward  
For all my watchful care?

RON. We are your scholars,  
Made, by your help and our aptness, able  
To instruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.  
You that are servant to divine astrology,  
Do something worth her livery. Cast figures,  
Make almanacks for all meridians.

FUR. Sell prespicils, and instruments of hearing,  
Turn clowns to gentlemen; buzzards to falcons;  
Cur-dogs to grey-hounds; kitchen-maids to ladies.

HAR. Discover more new stars, and unknown planets:  
Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names  
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawful courses,  
Rather than beg.

ALB. Not keep your honest promise?

RON. *Believe none, credit none: for in this city  
No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheatees.*

ALB. You promis'd me the greatest share.

RON. Our promise!

If honest men, by bonds and obligations  
And instruments of law are hardly constrain'd  
To observe their word; can we, that make profession  
Of lawless courses, do't?

ALB. Amongst ourselves!

Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,  
Hold peace with their own feathers.

HAR. But when they counter  
Upon one quarry, break the league as we do.

ALB. At least restore the ten pound of gold I lent you,

RON.

RON. 'Twas lent in an ill second, worse third,  
And luckless fourth: 'tis lost, Albumazar.

FUR. Satan was in ascension, Mercury  
Was then combust when you delivered it.  
'Twill never be restor'd.

RON. Hali, Abenezra,  
Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda, Babylonicus,  
And all the Chaldees and Cabalists,  
Affirm that sad aspect threats loss of debts.

ALB. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?  
Give me a slender portion for a stock  
To begin trade again.

RON. 'Tis an ill course  
And full of fears. This treasure hath inricht us,  
And giv'n us means to purchase, and live quiet,  
With th' fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing  
All blocks before me look'd like constables,  
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses;  
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupils counsel:  
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes  
Than hang in fatten.

ALB. Villains, I'll be reveng'd,  
And reveal all the business to a justice.

RON. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.

ALB. This treachery perswades me to turn honest.

FUR. Search your nativity; see if the fortunates  
And luminaries be a good aspect,  
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,  
We had cut thy throat e'er this.

ALB. Albumazar,  
Trust not these rogues; hence and revenge. [*Ex. Alb.*]

RON. Away, away, here's company. Let's hence. [*Ex.*]

### SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter CRICCA.*

CRIC. Now Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy,  
Speak welcome language of good news; and move  
Thy

Thy master, whose desires are credulous,  
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design  
Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,  
Eugenio, and their mistresses are oblig'd  
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds  
Upon thee for thy life.

*Enter PANDOLFO.*

PAN. I long to know  
How my good farmer speeds; how Trincalo  
Hath been receiv'd by Lelio.

CRIC. Where shall I find him? find Pandolfo!  
And bless him with good news!

PAN. This haste of Cricca  
Bodes some good: doubtless my Trincalo,  
Receiv'd for Antonio, hath given me Flavia;  
Cricca!

CRIC. Neither in Paul's, at home, nor in the Exchange  
Or where he uses to converse! he's lost,  
And must be cry'd.

PAN. Turn hither, Cricca, Cricca  
Tell me not?

CRIC. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,  
Had almost blinded me—'Tis so fortunate,  
I dare not pour it all at once upon you,  
Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy:  
Our transform'd Trincalo——

PAN. What news of him?

CRIC. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house——

PAN. On.

CRIC. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter Flavia,  
And Lelio for their father.

PAN. Quickly, good Cricca!

CRIC. And hath sent me in haste to bid you——

PAN. What?

CRIC. Come, with your son Eugenio——

PAN. And then?

K

CRIC.

CRIC. That he may be witness of your marriage.  
But, Sir, I see no signs of so large goodness  
As I expected, and this news deserv'd.

PAN. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward  
symptoms,  
And characters of joy, are poor expressions  
Of my inward happiness. My heart's full,  
And cannot vent the passions. Run, Cricca, run,  
Run as thou lov'st me, call Eugenio,  
And work him to my purpose: thou can'st do it:  
Haste, call him instantly.

CRIC. I fly, Sir. *[Exit Cric.]*

PAN. How shall I recompence this astrologer,  
This great Albumazar! through whose learned hands  
Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my best wishes,  
And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain! alas,  
'Tis a poor thanks, short by a thousand links  
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me  
And my sweet Flavia, at his ease and pleasure,  
Wanting for nothing. And this very night  
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure  
To calculate his fortunes. So there's Trincalo  
Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.—

*Enter ANTONIO, LELIO.*

ANT. Signior Pandolfo! welcome.

LEL. Your servant, Sir.

PAN. Well met, Antonio; my prayers and wishes  
Have waited on you ever.

ANT. Thanks, dearest friend.  
To speak my danger past, were to discourse  
Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations  
Become not marriages: Sir, I am here  
Return'd to do you service. Where's your son?

PAN. He'll wait upon you presently.

*Exit*



*Enter* EUGENIO.

EUG. Signior Antonio!

Happily welcome,

ANT. Thanks, Eugenio.

How think you, gentlemen, were it amiss

To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,

That what we do, may with a full consent

Be entertain'd of all?

PAN. 'Tis well remember'd;

Eugenio call your sister.

ANT. Lelio, call my daughter. [*Ex. Lel. and Eug.*]

PAN. Wisely consider'd, Trincalo; 'tis a fair prologue

To the comedy ensuing, Now I confess

Albumazar had equal power to change

And mend thy understanding with thy body!

Let me embrace and hug thee for this service:

'Tis a brave onset: ah, my sweet Trincalo!

ANT. How like you the beginning?

PAN. 'Tis o' th' further side

All expectation.

ANT. Was't not right, and spoken

Like old Antonio?

PAN. 'Tis most admirable!

Wer't he himself that spoke, he could not better't.

And, for thy sake, I wish Antonio's shape

May ever be thy house, and's wit thy inmate:

But where's my plate, and cloth of silver?

ANT. Safe.

PAN. They come. Keep state, keep state, or all's discover'd,

*Enter* EUGENIO, LELIO, FLAVIA, SULPÍTIA.

ANT. Eugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia,

Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,

Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting

All parties, with full freedom, speak their pleasure,

Before it be too late.

PAN

PAN. Good ! excellent !

ANT. Speak boldly therefore—Do you willingly  
Give full authority, and what I decree  
Touching these businesses, you'll all perform ?

EUG. I rest as you dispose ; what you determine,  
With my best power I ratify ; and Sulpitia,  
I dare be bold to promise, says no less.

SUL. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourself  
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me.

LEL. In this,  
As in all other service, I commit myself  
To your commands ; and so, I hope, my sister.

FLA. With all obedience : for dispose of me  
As of a child, that judgeth nothing good,  
But what you shall approve.

ANT. And you, Pandolfo ?

PAN. I most of all. And, for I know the minds  
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone  
To repent after, 'tis my advice they swear  
T' observe, without exception, your decree.

FLA. Content.

SUL. Content.

PAN. By all the powers that hear  
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,  
I promise to confirm and ratify  
Your sentence.

LEL. Sir, I swear no less.

EUG. Nor I.

FLA. The self-same oath binds me.

SUL. And me the same.

PAN. Now Antonio, all our expectation  
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal  
From you to higher courts.

ANT. First, for preparative  
Or slight præludium to the greater matches,  
I must intreat you that my Armellina

Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns  
I give her for her portion.

PAN. 'Tis done—Some reliques  
Of his old clown'ry, and dregs o' th' country,  
Dwell in him still. How careful he provides  
For himself first! content. And more, I grant him  
A lease for twenty pounds, a year.

ANT. I thank you.  
Gentlemen, since I feel myself much broken  
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold  
To entertain new heat, I freely yield  
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my son Lelio.

PAN. How cunningly hath the farmer provided  
T' observe the 'semblance of Antonio's person,  
And keep himself still free for Armellina!  
On to the sentence.

ANT. Sir,  
Conformity of years, likeness of manners,  
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony.  
Now, between seventy winters and sixteen,  
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.  
Fie! that a gentleman of your discretion,  
Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,  
Should, in your western days, lose the good opinion  
Of all your friends; and run to th' open danger  
Of closing the weak remnant of your days  
With discontentment unrecoverable.

PAN. Rack me no more; pray you, let's hear the  
sentence,

Note how the ass would fright me, and endear  
His service; intimating that his pow'r  
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' sentence.

ANT. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter  
Upon your son Eugenio, whose constant love,  
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her.  
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,  
I marry you, my good old friend with PATIENCE.

PAN. Treacherous villain!

Accursed

Accursed Trincalo! I'll——But this no place:  
He's too well back'd: But shortly, when the date  
Of his Antonioship's expir'd, revenge  
Shall sweeten this disgrace.

ANT. Signior Pandolfo,  
When you recover yourself, lost desperately  
In disproportion'd dotage, then you'll thank me  
For this great favour. Be not obstinate;  
Disquiet not yourself.

PAN. I thank you, Sir.

*And that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,  
I marry you with PATIENCE—traiterous villain!*  
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,  
But 't must be done with scoffs? Accursed Trincalo  
What's that I see?

*Enter TRINCALO (a little drunk.)*

TRIN. You see old trusty Trincalo, your honest farmer  
That will not part from himself hereafter  
To serve either you or me.

PAN. What have not you been transform'd?

TRIN. No. but I have been gulled as you have been  
By t' strolger—That's the right Antonio,  
And safely too return'd from Barbary.

PAN. Oh me! what's this?

ANT. Truth itself.

TRIN. What a trouble it is to be out of a man's  
self: If gentlemen have no pleasure but what I felt to-  
day, a team of horses shall not drag me out of my pro-  
fession. There's nothing among them but borrowing,  
compounding for half their debts, and have their purses  
cut for the rest, cozen'd by whores, frighted with hus-  
bands, wash'd in wet hogheads, cheated of their  
cloaths, and lock'd up in cellars for conclusion.

ANT. Poor Trincalo! he repents his gentility

TRIN. Ay that I do from my soul!  
And then such quarrelling! never a suit I wore

To-day,



day, but hath been soundly basted; only this  
richful country-case 'scap'd fist free; and be it spoken  
a good hour, was never beaten yet, since  
came from fulling.

*Enter CRICCA.*

CRIC. News, news, rare news! where's my master?  
Where's Signior Pandolfo?

PAN. Here Cricca, here! no news can raise my spirits.

CRIC. I'll warrant you, the rogues who cheated you  
are taken:

Albumazar betray'd, and we secur'd 'em.

They were th' astrologers intelligencers,

that robb'd you thro' the south window:—All's safe,  
gold, jewels, cloth of silver; nothing perish'd.

The moment's thought will make you bless your fortune

that hath restor'd you to yourself and treasure,

both which were lost i'th' foolish love of Flavia:

Why stand you mute, Sir?

ANT. Come, my old friend,

let your reflection now take place of passion,

and let our actions suit our years and station;

let's leave to younger breasts the sweets of Love;

let it our part to give consent and blessing,

and with our children's welfare fix our own.

PAN. I clearly see the slavery of

affections, and how unsuitable my declining

years are for the dawning youth of Flavia:

let the blest joys of Hymen compass her and

her youthful husband, my Eugenio, with

full content, and may thy days, Sulpitia,

know no alloy of joy, in Lelio's arms;

my blessing on you all.

ANT. O happy change! good Pandolfo

thus let me shew a friend's, a brother's fondness.

*[Embracing.]*

CRIC. Not to interrupt the present joy,

beg to be an advocate for one without.

I think a general act of grace should pass;  
 Therefore as Albumazar of his own accord,  
 Confess'd, and freely has restor'd your treasure;  
 Since 'tis a day of jubilee and marriage,  
 I beg a pardon for the prisoner.

PAN. I grant it freely, and now  
 Let's haste t' assist the marriage and the feast.

CRIC. Why now you shew yourself a worthy gentleman.

TRIN. All parties here seem pleas'd except myself;  
 —Is there no news for Trincalo?

PAN. Trincalo thou too shalt feel my joy;  
 Two hundred crowns and Armillina shall  
 Be thine, besides the lease of twenty pounds  
 A year for three lives.

TRIN. Two hundred crowns, and twenty pounds  
 a year for three lives? then I am a gentleman indeed!  
 and to make but one trouble and expence of it, I'll  
 be married too this day, and let my young masters  
 take care I don't get the start of 'em.

ANT. Now are all my toils and labours in life  
 Amply rewarded; you and I brother are strong  
 Examples that our passions and distresses are to  
 Be surmounted by reason and perseverance.

In me behold the providential care,  
 Restor'd to bliss from danger and despair;  
 With patience arm'd, I struggled with distress  
 And resignation, purchas'd happiness.

F I N I S.